The General's Albatross — *Carey McWilliams*

THE Nation

*August 16, 1952*

## *The Case for a*

# Neutral Europe

BY HUBERT BEUVE-MERY

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# The Negro Vote: Ike or Adlai?

## *A National Survey of the Negro Press*

BY ARMISTEAD SCOTT PRIDE

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# Our Three-Penny Opera

## *First of a Series on Cultural Attrition*

BY HERBERT GRAF

AUG 15 1952
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# Letters to the Editors

## The Mormons and the Negro

*Dear Sirs:* Dr. Lowry Nelson's article, Mormons and the Negro, in your issue of May 24, grossly misrepresented the doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Man is a dual being, spirit and body. The spirit in the form of man had a conscious existence as a child of God before mortal birth. One-third of God's children rebelled against Him and were ejected from Heaven (Revelation 12:4, 7), being denied a mortal body. These are followers of Satan. The Negro, contrary to Dr. Nelson's misrepresentation, was not neutral, nor in a "twilight zone between the Satanic hosts and . . . the hosts of Michael."

Dr. Nelson's erroneous ideas led him to this unfair statement: "Thus the blessings of the Mormon church cannot be extended to anyone with Negro 'blood'." The following facts are given in refutation.

1. The Negro may become a member of the church by baptism and thereby receive a remission of sins.

2. The Negro member may partake of the sacrament or communion—a blessing of the church.

3. In the Mormon church the priesthood is conferred on *all* worthy males, unlike other Christian churches. The Negro, because of action in the premortal life, may not receive the priesthood in mortality; therefore only limited activity is possible to him.

4. Latter Day Saints believe that after the resurrection of *all* mankind, assignments according to faith and works are made to four kingdoms, the highest being the celestial. It is possible for the faithful to become Sons of God (I John 3:1-3; Romans 8:13-17). In the ultimate and final purpose of God, this does not exclude the Negro. In the future life the Negro will "possess the priesthood, and receive all the blessings which we are now entitled to."

5. Everyone will have the privilege of hearing and accepting the Gospel, if not here, in the spirit world (I Peter 3:19-21; 4:6). Gospel ordinances (baptism, etc.) are performed vicariously in Latter Day Saints temples for the dead (I Corinthians 15:29; Hebrews 11:39, 40). The Negro member is entitled to have these ordinances performed in behalf of his deceased relatives.

6. Every child dying before the age of accountability, eight years, is saved in the Celestial Kingdom. This *includes* the Negro child.

Because we are all children of God, *including the Negro,* we should be interested in the social and economic welfare of the Negro. The Prophet Joseph Smith said, "Had I anything to do with the Negro, I would confine them by strict law to their own species, and put them on a national equalization." This would exclude marriage of whites with Negroes.

Latter Day Saints believe that everyone receives his place in the world, as to race and color, because of the exercise of free agency in the pre-earth life. Everyone accepted his earth status, including the Negro as to the priesthood. Therefore, the Mormon teaching is in accord with justice, contrary to what Dr. Nelson wrote. Acceptance of these teachings is based upon the extent to which a member accepts the revealed word of God, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

ROY W. DOXEY,
Assistant Professor of Religion,
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

## Path to Peace: Force or Negotiation?

*Dear Sirs:* The Society of Friends, on the occasion of its 300th anniversary, is reminding us, by way of a movie called "A Time for Greatness," of the terrible risk the United States is running by pursuing a foreign policy based almost exclusively on force. The picture points out that "we are becoming brutalized," and that "operation killer" and "operation strangle" are now part of our daily vocabulary. The Friends say that the American people, having adopted a policy of force and containment of communism in 1947, have driven from their minds any thought of an approach to peace through negotiation and the application of human values. They are alarmed at our total dependence on armaments, which they bluntly state are no remedy for an insecure world.

By circulating their film, based on their widely distributed pamphlet "Steps to Peace," the Friends put before our eyes what we must forget if we are to commit ourselves to an out-and-out-armament race—the ugly record of human suffering during World War II. Since the early days of retreat in Korea newsreels of civilian carnage have disappeared from neighborhood screens. The Friends jolt us back to our senses.

The great trouble with the Truman Doctrine is that the United States has renounced negotiation with the Soviet Union as a path to peace. We have put all our chips on the board and bet on war. Force negates bargaining, horse-trading, give-and-take at the international level. What to us is containment is encirclement to the Russians. What is rearmament for defense to Americans is preparation for a new war to the people of Europe. Such are the preachments of the peace sect which possesses a history of liberalism from its birth and was first among North American organizations to decry slavery in 1688.

In 1952 the Friends officially believe that the Soviet Union also has a real stake in peace. They patiently recall that Panmunjom has brought agreement along with deadlock, that the United Nations has victories as well as vetoes to its credit. With pictures they show us plainly that in trying to stop communism in Korea we have destroyed Korea. Every American voter should have the chance to see their motion picture. Afterward, many will look about in alarm for a major political party with some alternative to current United States foreign policy.

ROBERT J. KLEIN
New York

## Smeared for Promoting "The Nation"

*Dear Sirs:* Many thanks to you for the special civil-liberties issue. In my opinion the only holy warfare is the type waged by the publishers of *The Nation.*

I have been labeled a Communist by people who have seen your magazine on the stand of the store which I manage. I have been classified as "un-American" for having offered for sale Jerome Davis's new book "Peace, War, and You."

If the perusal, or the promotion, or the attempt to popularize such educational material be a subversive activity, then please, Mr. Adamic, in whatever "haven in the beyond" you may have found peace, reserve one small cloud for me.

Inclosed find a list of names and addresses with a check to cover the cost of twenty-five copies of How Free Is Free?

A FREE-MINDED MIDWESTERNER
Carthage, Mo.

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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## Del Vayos Cleared

After a hearing on Ellis Island the Immigration Department has officially lifted the "parole" under which J. Alvarez del Vayo, *The Nation's* foreign editor, and his wife were readmitted into the United States last February upon their return from Europe. The decision established that there were no grounds for excluding Mr. and Mrs. del Vayo from this country and reaffirmed their legal right to be here.

Mr. del Vayo, who was foreign minister of Spain's last republican government, has been visiting Europe regularly since 1945 in his capacity as *The Nation's* foreign editor and as an accredited correspondent of the United Nations. Each time he was granted a reentry permit and readmitted without difficulty. Upon his return last February, however, he and his wife, despite their possession of validated reentry permits, were held on Ellis Island for three days. They were then released under the "parole" which the Immigration Department has now officially declared to be lifted.

# *The Shape of Things*

### Our Restless Allies

That things are going badly with NATO and with European defense plans generally, every day's dispatches bring more evidence to prove. The goals set at Lisbon are not being met. Even the present effort put forth by Britain and Western Europe, inadequate though it is, has created desperate economic strains which promise to get worse and already are producing political unrest and instability all the way from London to Rome. Germany is divided into several contending factions over rearmament and the issue of unity. Conscription riots have begun in Belgium. Pleven has told the defense chiefs in Washington that the failure to provide funds for the rebuilding of French defense industry will increase France's dependence on America and Europe's disequilibrium.

While these and related troubles are reported in the American press, their real effect is soft-pedaled. Press and public men alike tend to minimize them, and at the same time to accuse Europeans of asking too much and doing too little—a tendency stimulated by the demands of the political campaign. To get a more balanced understanding it is essential for Americans to know what Europe itself is thinking. One particularly important statement of a point of view which is spreading in Britain and Germany, as well as in France, appears on page 126 of this issue. The startling alternative M. Beuve-Méry presents—European neutrality or an Atlantic federation frankly under American control—may be challenged. But those who are shocked must find answers to the questions posed by the existing coalition of ostensibly equal states in which Washington can override the objections and fears of its allies but cannot and will not take responsibility for the consequences of doing so.

### Realistic Reporting

By far the most effective regular commentary on European affairs is the weekly news analysis by Howard K. Smith over CBS. Every Sunday at 12:30 p. m. this brilliant and experienced observer interprets for Americans not only the results of Western policy but the opinions of Europe on this issue and other critical questions. The resulting picture is not a cheerful one, but its accuracy has been borne out by events. Last Sunday Mr. Smith revealed that his previous week's broadcast on the present state of NATO had been sharply assailed by Defense Secretary Lovett and Chief of Staff Omar Bradley. Lovett had called it "defeatist and irresponsible," while Bradley had dispatched a strong letter of protest. In excellent temper Mr. Smith announced that if his broadcast was wrong he apologized, and then went on to restate and carefully substantiate his original position.

The two commentaries are exactly the kind of reporting we believe this country needs if it is to base its policy on a realistic appraisal of facts. We do not question the right of our defense officials to disagree with Mr. Smith's interpretation, but we should consider it most unfortunate if their intervention should have the effect of limiting his freedom to broadcast the truth as he sees it.

### Lesson for Liberals

The dismissal of James A. Wechsler from the television program "Starring the Editors" illustrates with dramatic clarity a fact often stressed by *The Nation*: repression moves by a logic of its own to engulf every

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form of dissent from the particular orthodoxy that breeds it. Mr. Wechsler is a vehement anti-Communist, sharply critical of any individual or any brand of liberalism he considers less zealous in the cause. As editor of the New York *Post* he has shown scant sympathy for accused leftists who refused to recant or publicly "tell all" about their past associates and beliefs. But under his direction the *Post* has also rejected, and honorably opposed, the smear tactics of McCarthy and the excesses of government repression. Apparently it sensed no incongruity between its intolerance of conflicting views in the liberal ranks and its honest opposition to bigotry on the right.

Though precipitated by an article in the New York *Journal-American* "exposing" his long-acknowledged membership in the Young Communist League during his college days, the banning of Wechsler was obviously the result of the *Post's* strong stand against McCarthyism. Characteristically no account was taken of Wechsler's fifteen-year record of militant anti-communism. In fact, the action of the Grand Union Company, sponsors of "Starring the Editors," was so flagrant that the other members of the panel, including Edward B. Boyle who is news editor of the *Journal-American,* expressed their disapproval during the first broadcast after Wechsler's dismissal. This took courage, but we doubt that it will do much good. Far more effective would have been a refusal on the part of his colleagues to continue the program without him.

The first requisite for an effective response to the still spreading witch hunt is solidarity among its opponents and predestined victims. This has scarcely begun to emerge, but the unjust and ironic purging of Mr. Wechsler may serve to show a few people what is lacking among liberals—including the *Post's* editor.

# *The General's Albatross*

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

GENERAL EISENHOWER now has a strategy for dealing with the troublesome issue of McCarthyism. He will give his backing to *all* Republicans, regardless of their stand on central issues; but this does not mean that he personally indorses "every single idea of every candidate." His decision is based on the assumption that it would be highly improper for him to repudiate McCarthy on the eve of the Wisconsin primary on September 9. Tradition dictates that a Presidential nominee should maintain a discreet policy of non-interference in state primaries. Those closest to the General infer, therefore, that he hopes Leonard F. Schmitt, who is opposing McCarthy in the Wisconsin primary, will win the Republican nomination and thereby dispose of the embarrassing issue of "McCarthyism."




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But should McCarthy win, the General has another plan. He will attempt to dissociate himself from the Senator by making it quite clear, in a major speech delivered early in the campaign, that he is personally opposed to "smear" tactics and witch hunts. Moreover, he intends to avoid a personal appearance in Wisconsin. In these ways the General hopes to placate the Taftites and at the same time satisfy many independent voters who would like to see him repudiate McCarthy.

The plan may sound feasible; in reality it is politically unworkable as well as morally equivocal. Leonard F. Schmitt is an effective and militant campaigner, the type of candidate who is not only able but eager to battle it out with McCarthy in rough and realistic terms. Mr. Schmitt, however, was induced to enter the contest, at the last minute and at considerable personal sacrifice, only through the energetic intervention of General Eisenhower's backers. It is therefore apparent that Eisenhower is in part responsible for the presence of Mr. Schmitt in the campaign.

Yet it is now painfully clear that Schmitt faces enormous difficulties. His opponent has skilfully timed a surgical operation—which may or may not have something to do with a diaphragm distended by screaming "big lies" in the Senate—so as to upset the normal schedule of a pre-primary campaign. Joe is suddenly the silent candidate. His operation over, he has retired to the beautiful wooded resort area of northern Wisconsin, where he is comfortably inaccessible to press and radio and television. From this pleasant retreat Joe will doubtless issue communiqués from time to time in which his health will be described as "on the mend" but requiring more relaxation and rest; under no circumstances, his physicians will report, should the Senator attempt to campaign until after September 9. The Senator's headquarters may even report one or more "relapses" between now and September 9.

In the meantime Mr. Schmitt is confronted with a difficult moral dilemma: to conduct a "high level" and quite irrelevant campaign against the Senator, citing chivalry as the excuse for lack of candor, or to tear into Joe and invite the charge of being a poor sport. Our position would be that a bad Senator is not made any better by an operation on his diaphragm. In any case, Schmitt is badly in need of funds, particularly for television programs, and has only a short time in which to campaign.

Under these circumstances General Eisenhower's silence may well bring about the nomination of McCarthy. Is this what the General really wants? If McCarthy wins the Republican nomination by a heavy vote, he will be that much harder to defeat in November. And there is a great deal more at stake in the fight to deny McCarthy the nomination of the Republican Party than is generally imagined. A huge vote for him on September 9 will not only buttress his own position but be used to the disadvantage of Senator William Benton, who faces a hard fight for reelection in Connecticut. It will also have a bearing on the effort to name a Democrat to succeed the late Senator Brien McMahon in the same state. If Clare Boothe Luce should be the Republican Senatorial nominee, would the Luce publications abandon their campaign against McCarthyism or would they demand that General Eisenhower publicly repudiate McCarthy? With Senator Benton so prominently identified with the fight to unseat Joe, "McCarthyism" is bound to be a major issue in Connecticut as well as Wisconsin.

OBVIOUSLY Eisenhower is not charged with any responsibility to help Democratic nominees for the Senate in Connecticut. But he does have a responsibility for the long-range future of the Republican Party. He has said that he wants Republicans elected so that they can organize the Senate and the House; but McCarthy will not be of any assistance on this score. His presence in the Senate will impede, not further, the effort to organize a workable Republican majority. The Senator has been and will remain a divisive influence in the Republican Party. Without ideas or principles, McCarthy can no more unite the Republicans of Wisconsin than he can bring unity to the Republican Party nationally. He can only spread confusion. This, in fact, is his purpose, his mission. Thus he is more than an albatross around the neck of the General and the Republicans; he threatens from within the Republican Party's very existence.

By remaining silent or denouncing smear tactics without mentioning McCarthy, General Eisenhower has taken a position that will not serve to silence McCarthy after the September 9 primary; nor will it silence Senators Bricker, Kem, Jenner, and Dirksen. Their spirited defense against Governor Stevenson's sharp attack on McCarthyism will make McCarthyism an issue, willy-nilly. If the General remains silent, he will concede that there are in fact "two" Republican parties. And if he must repudiate McCarthy sooner or later—it is difficult to imagine his embracing McCarthyism under any circumstances—then it is much better that he do so now, when the repudiation might aid in removing McCarthyism as an issue.

Regardless of party preferences or other considerations, liberals and progressives throughout the country should give prompt aid to the campaign of Leonard F. Schmitt to win the Republican nomination in Wisconsin. They should, for example, aid the "Dollars for Decency" campaign in Wisconsin which has been organized to help Schmitt. This they can do by sending their dollars to Donald E. Semling, treasurer of Citizens for Schmitt for U. S. Senator Committee, Merrill, Wisconsin. They can also write or wire General Eisenhower or his representatives in their state, urging the General to repudiate McCarthy while there is still time for the re-



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pudiation to be effective. In this instance the tradition that a Presidential nominee should not intervene in a state primary of his party should be subordinated to the best interests of the country.

It is no more possible today to "steer clear" of McCarthy than it once was of Hamilton Fish or Rankin. Independent voters want to be assured of more than the General's personal attitude; they want McCarthy to be defeated. If the General fails them now, they will remember in November.

# *The Negro Vote: Ike or Adlai?*

## BY ARMISTEAD SCOTT PRIDE

*Jefferson City, Missouri*

IF THE word of Negro newspaper editors can be taken as gospel, the Republicans may get the short end of the Negro vote in November. In the first month after the conventions the Ike-Nixon team has come off second best in the headlines and editorials of the nation's 184 Negro newspapers—94 in the South, 78 in the North, 12 on the West Coast. All over the country the story is the same: the Democrats just have a little more to offer this time. If the Republicans have a good man, Dwight Eisenhower, so have the Democrats, Adlai Stevenson. Little can be said against either one. It is true that Ike's running-mate, Richard Nixon, has drawn no noticeable ire, while John Sparkman for Vice-President raises the Negro's hackles—he's from Alabama, isn't he? But some solid-thinking journals point out that died-in-the-wool Bible Belters like Hugo Black and Alben Barkley went to Washington and turned into fair liberals; so there may be hope for Alabama John, a "calculable" risk.

The chief target of the Negro editors' barbs is the Republican civil-rights plank, which just did not make the grade; accusations of "double-cross" in the engineering of it have also been heard. Roy Wilkins of the N. A. A. C. P. labeled it a "state's-rights" plank. There are apologists for it but no champions. The Democratic plank, praised by N. A. A. C. P. President Walter White as a "victory," is a stronger statement, say the editors.

The nation's largest Negro paper, the *Afro-American* (weekly circulation 205,000), an Atlantic Coast chain published at Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Newark, and Philadelphia, seems headed toward Stevenson, though it supported Dewey both times he ran. How else construe that black eight-column, two-line streamer carried on July 19, "Weak G. O. P. Rights Plank Appeals to Dixie Voters," and its editorial warning, "By being forthright the Democrats can still count on the support of the great masses of the people"? And what about its reminder on August 2 that Dixie votes were not needed to put Stevenson over and its expressed admiration for Stevenson as "an experienced administrator"?

The New Deal–Fair Deal Chicago *Defender,* third among Negro weeklies, stands firm, and its four strategically located affiliates—the Louisville *Defender,* the *Michigan Chronicle* (at Detroit), the New York *Age,* and the Tri-State *Defender* (at Memphis)—are unabashed Democratic converts. At least three officers of the Chicago paper have received Democratic appointments during the past year. To its post-convention streamer "Dixiecrats Bow, Eat Crow" the Chicago *Defender* added a photograph of Sparkman (no less!), and its lead editorial, headed "Democrats Slay the Dixie Dragon," was accompanied by a cartoon showing President Truman holding a scroll labeled "The Program of Roosevelt and Truman" in one hand and raising Stevenson's hand in victory with the other.

The newly acquired tabloid, the New York *Age,* played down the Republican convention and amply covered the Democratic. The same imbalance was apparent in the Detroit and Memphis papers. The Louisville *Defender* prefers the Democratic platform, but it cannot forget a blunt truth with which every Negro editor must reckon: "Since Negroes became two-party conscious it is no longer possible to presume a Negro's political affiliation."

It is safe to place the Pittsburgh *Courier,* second in circulation to the *Afro-American,* in the Eisenhower-Nixon camp. Its report that Governor Stevenson was to "campaign on a watered platform" went on the last page, while page one carried this banner: "Clark Undresses Democrats' Empty Civil-Rights Program: Lashes Southerners, Gullible Negroes." (John Clark is the *Courier's* political analyst.)

In Truman's home state the papers are coy. The traditionally Republican Kansas City *Call,* with a circulation of 35,000, whose general manager recently received a Truman appointment, finds Ike an attraction even if his platform is weak but applauds the Democrats' liberal oratory at Chicago. "It is to our advantage," it says noncommittally, "to make friends of

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*ARMISTEAD SCOTT PRIDE is dean of Lincoln University's School of Journalism, the only Negro school of journalism in the country.*



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everybody, even the Southerners, and together we will build a finer and more democratic America." At the Illinois end of the state the St. Louis *Argus* calls the Democrats' civil-rights plank a "big victory" but Sparkman a bad omen. In an editorial cartoon Stevenson clears a civil-rights high-jump bar that stops the Alabaman. The St. Louis *American* weighs two views: the short look gives the voter a choice between the Tweedledee Ike and Tweedledum Adlai; the long look, thanks to Senator Long's heresy and Barkley's swan song, foretells the end of the Dixiecrats.

Out West the Eisenhower forces will have an uphill pull to win over the three Los Angeles Negro papers. The *Tribune's* husband-wife team (publisher and editor) went as delegate-alternate to Chicago blowing loud on the Kefauver whistle. The *Sentinel,* for Dewey in 1948, has observed that another Republican defeat would mean that the party was "headed for extinction." The *California Eagle* announced, "G. O. P. Snubs Negroes in Bid to South," and titled its editorial "The G. O. P. Doesn't Want Us." Nevertheless, the *Eagle* fears that "Stevenson's managers were playing footsie with the Dixiecrats."

IN THE South, where Negro Republicans used to come a dime a dozen, there is little enthusiasm for the ticket. The foremost Southern Negro weekly, the Norfolk *Journal and Guide,* which was for Roosevelt in 1944 and for Dewey in 1948, expresses no choice. It approves of Nixon's youth but finds the Republican nominees captive to a platform of compromise. The Democrats' civil-rights plank is also inadequate, it says, and Sparkman is the big question mark for Negro voters. But it points to Hugo Black as a model for Sparkman. "Outside of their political environment," observes the Virginia weekly, "most Southerners are fair-minded." Several other papers feel the same way about Sparkman.

The South's sole Negro daily, the Atlanta *World,* guide of half a dozen papers that peddle its editorial position, hesitates between admiration for a "strong" Democratic civil-rights plank and a desire to see the South develop further a two-party system.

The two leading papers in Louisiana, the *Louisiana Weekly* of New Orleans and the *Sun* of Shreveport, have likewise clapped their hands over their mouths. The *Sun* sees Ike in a tough spot; the *Weekly* hopes "that the majority of Negro votes will go to the candidate whose personality appears to be sincere in regard to the welfare of *all people* of these United States."

The Houston *Informer,* which controls the Dallas *Express* and a small Southwestern chain, gives no indication that it has departed from its 1944-48 Democratic alliance. Its chief preoccupation at present is the "fallacy of the states'-rights argument" as it affects proposed federal F. E. P. C. action.

### The Fair-Employment Planks

At both conventions the core of the fight over the civil-rights plank was the question of a compulsory Federal Fair Employment Practices Act. Here is how the issue was finally handled in the "operative" clauses of both planks:

REPUBLICAN

"[We favor] enacting federal legislation to further just and equitable treatment in the area of discriminatory employment practices. Federal action should not duplicate state efforts to end such practices; should not set up another huge bureaucracy."

DEMOCRATIC

"We favor federal legislation effectively to secure . . . the rights to equal opportunity for employment."

Such papers as the San Antonio *Register,* the Dallas *Star-Post,* the Savannah *Herald,* the Greensboro (North Carolina) *Future Outlook,* the Baton Rouge *Weekly Leader,* the Miami *Times,* the Greenville (Mississippi) *Delta Leader,* and the Columbia (South Carolina) *Palmetto Leader* gave most space to the Democratic proceedings. Alone among the Arkansas weeklies, the *Arkansas Survey-Journal* of Little Rock declared editorially that "numerous Negro leaders in the state support Kefauver."

The Savannah *Tribune,* now in its seventy-seventh year, has become disillusioned with present-day platform promises. Two of its July 31 editorials—"Scraps of Paper" and "Democracy"—displayed mixed feelings: "Democracy loses no matter who wins if platform promises are not followed through or are repudiated."

Support for the party of Jefferson is offered by the *Oklahoma Eagle* of Tulsa, which describes the Republican civil-rights plank as clothed in "Mother Hubbard garb . . . that covers everything and touches nothing."

John McCray, South Carolina Negro Democratic organizer and editor of the Columbia *Lighthouse and Informer,* praises the Democratic ticket, and that goes, he says, for Sparkman, who sat tight in his convention seat at Philadelphia in 1948 when the Alabama delegation bolted on the civil-rights issue. "It's a pretty good slate," in McCray's opinion.

Among Negro weeklies the strongest Republican rooters are in the North, in places like Cleveland, New York, Boston, and Newark, but even they utter a few cat-calls. The New York *Amsterdam News,* while definitely Republican, keeps a critical eye on what the Ike zealots say and do. Eisenhower, avers the *News,* is "the choice of Republicans and Democrats," and if the five-star general needs any prompting, Dewey is always there to lend a "firm hand"



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"Spineless" is the adjective applied to the Republican civil-rights plank by the able Cleveland *Call and Post,* but a bold banner proclaims: "Sparkman Nomination Will Lose Negro Vote for Democrats" and "Negro Democratic Leaders Weep over Veep." Those so-called social advances under the Democrats, the paper reminds its readers, actually came as the result of Supreme Court decisions.

A small Hamilton, Ohio, weekly, the *Butler County American,* traditionally for the party of Lincoln, points an accusing finger at Stevenson's Springfield cronies.

In Boston the *Chronicle* sees the weak Republican civil-rights plank as a costly drain on voting strength, and the *Guardian,* otherwise a G. O. P. ally, says the "G. O. P. Pussyfoots on Civil Rights." The convention, moaned the *Guardian* editorial writer, "smelled of the stockyards to me, and I am wondering if the Democrats would like to adopt a motherless child."

"I met Ike, I like Ike," declared the *New Jersey Herald News* editor, Oliver W. Brown, but added that Ike would find it a ticklish task to woo the Negro vote with the platform his party gave him. Negroes, he said, are disturbed by the extent of Southern influence in both parties.

For the time being the two Omaha weeklies, the *Star* and the *Guide,* and the Cleveland *Herald* are fence-sitters. The Kansas City (Kansas) *Plain Dealer,* leaning to Eisenhower, gives the Democrats the edge. The Indianapolis *Recorder* feels the same way. The veteran Des Moines weekly, the *Bystander,* devoted its between-conventions issue to the Progressives, quoting their Negro vice-presidential candidate as seeing "no hope" in the major parties.

The Republicans left the Negro voter "in the lurch," in the view of Cecil Newman's Twin City papers, the Minneapolis *Spokesman* and the St. Paul *Recorder.* The Democrats have a "worthy" standard-bearer, and their civil-rights plank is a "trifle stronger" than the G. O. P. could produce. As for Sparkman, well, say the Newman papers, "Negroes have voted for three Southerners in the past twenty years for Vice-President"—Garner, Truman, and Barkley. "Aside from Garner, the others have been more friendly to the Negro's progress."

Three months are bound to make some difference and resolve indecision. The bulk of these papers, even the confirmed party faithfuls, are Negro first and Democratic or Republican second. The Negro realizes he cannot win the civil-rights game in one election, but he has his eye on a trick or two. No one knows what his trump cards are better than the Negro editor.

# *The Case for a Neutral Europe*

## BY HUBERT BEUVE-MERY

ON JUNE 28, 1919, less than eight months after Germany's capitulation, the peace treaty was solemnly signed at Versailles. Seven years later, on September 10, 1926, the Weimar Republic entered the League of Nations. Foreign Minister Stresemann, warmly greeted by Aristide Briand, told the Geneva assembly that "the total disarmament of Germany imposed by the Versailles treaty constitutes the first step toward general disarmament." Seven years passed again, and on October 15, 1933, Hitler quit Geneva, demanding an "equality of rights worthy of Germany" and asserting that "the German people are profoundly convinced that they were not responsible for the war." To an admiring world Hitler presented a National Socialist Germany that knew how to overpower the "red revolt" and prevent "the advance posts of a revolutionary Asiatic empire" from being established on the Rhine and the North Sea.

*Hubert Beuve-Méry, director of* Le Monde *of Paris, one of the great journalists to rise out of the French Resistance, is perhaps his country's foremost spokesman for "neutralism." His independent editorial policy resulted, last winter, in an attempt to remove him from* Le Monde's *directorship. But supported whole-heartedly by his staff and by a majority of the newspaper's stockholders, Beuve-Méry retained both his position and his independence.*

History repeats itself but never quite in the same manner. It does not look as if any peace treaty would follow the capitulation of May, 1945. However, by what the London *Times* was not afraid to call a "dramatic reversal of alliances" West Germany has been included willy-nilly in the European Defense Community and consequently in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The carefully prepared stages of the peace treaty and the disarmament agreements have been abandoned. This is indeed an acceleration of history.

What can be expected as a result of this development? At first glance the answer is likely to be: peace. But longer examination of the facts and their con-



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sequences permits one to reply with no less assurance: war. Whenever the armaments race acquires such a tempo that its burdens become insupportable, war can be predicted with considerable certainty. Before the recent agreements were signed at Bonn and Paris, such an outcome might still have been doubted. It was not certain that the Atlantic Pact would subvert the Marshall Plan, that the Schuman Plan would prepare a future "arsenal of the democracies," that the Pleven Plan—allowing originally for modest German units of four to five thousand men—would necessarily produce a new Wehrmacht. Our leaders seemed to be so sure of themselves, they pronounced the word "never" with such feeling, that any expression of skepticism appeared unpardonable prejudice. Meanwhile, each day brought new proof that the European initiatives could make no progress as long as they were adopted, sustained—and fatally oriented—by American diplomacy. How can you say "no" to the Americans? Will it not be enough to ask them once more for guaranties? Guaranties do not particularly inconvenience strong powers when they grant them, and they permit weaker powers to console themselves with illusions.

As soon as the agreements were signed they were used by the United States to block new discussions with the Russians. The situation is tragically clear. At the expense of essential tasks—reconstruction, reorganization of the army, development of Africa—France has poured more wealth down the Indo-Chinese drain than it has received under the Marshall Plan—and to no purpose. (General Eisenhower, for whose profound honesty we cannot be too grateful, recently reminded the voters of Indianapolis that the war in Indo-China will cost France this year more than one and one-half billion dollars. In four years France's share of Marshall Plan funds has amounted to two and one-half billion dollars.) The extreme weakness of France in Europe has been exploited by the United States as an argument for the rebirth of the German army; the Russians have used this in turn as the excuse for a vigorous call to arms in East Germany. But West Germany cannot raise an army rapidly without the help of old Nazi cadres and of officers sympathetic to the Nazi regime. In Europe, Nazis, Fascists, Falangists, and the old Vichy militia are considered to be the most trustworthy supporters of the West. In Asia, the United States, the champion of democratic liberties, must enlist under its banner such figures as Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek, and Bao Dai.

**EUROPEAN POKER SCHOOL**

Courtesy London *Daily Herald*



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No wonder the average European, who must reconstruct a decent world for himself on the bloody ruins of the fascist regimes, makes no secret of his confusion. He suspects that the means employed by the West threaten the ends sought at least as much as they assure them, and he feels that they make a real Franco-German reconciliation more difficult. Under such circumstances, how can Europeans be expected to sacrifice bravely their goods, their lives, and the lives of their children? Whether we like it or not, the problem we face in continental Europe, and most particularly in the matter of Franco-German relations, is moral, social, economic, and political before it is military.

Since the Americans often lack vision and prudence and the Europeans public spirit and political firmness, the situation becomes more absurd every day. The Americans are weary of giving so much attention and money to ungrateful peoples unwilling to defend themselves. Europe is annoyed at always being treated as a debtor by a benefactor who subjects it to the risk of total destruction. A divided Germany is asked to raise two fratricidal armies. France bleeds in the Far East for the common cause and must plead against Washington at The Hague in defense of the very legitimacy of its presence in Morocco. France has even permitted an American army to establish itself in Morocco. General de Gaulle, therefore, recently felt justified in protesting against "a sort of protectorate" which does not even protect. Furthermore, while the United States controls the greater part of the world's riches, it is reluctant to distribute them freely and maintains and even raises tariff walls that prevent Europeans from acquiring the dollars they need. Such are some of the troublesome aspects of a coalition that is trying to prepare for the most terrible of wars.

ELEMENTARY common sense demands that we do not linger in such a dangerous situation. If there is really a threat of aggression, if the European front is indeed a sector of the common front, worth as much as Korea and to be defended at any price, the Americans should send thirty or forty divisions across the Atlantic. But because such troops are likely to get the impression that they are in conquered countries, because it is futile to argue about our sovereignty when we are not even capable of defending it, because the Presidential election in the United States appears more important to Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians than the choice of their own chiefs of state, the logical conclusion to be drawn is that we should organize around Washington a real Atlantic federation. Local liberties would be preserved to the extent they have been in Texas or New Mexico. The sacrifices demanded under the plan for federation—particularly the liquidation of colonial possessions, so bitterly disputed today—would be compensated by a more equitable distribution of the risks and expenses. If the risks in a certain geographical area could not be equalized completely, at least the conscription laws and the cost of reconstruction could be the same for everybody. In cases of partial or total invasion by the enemy, it would be understood that territories to be recovered should not enjoy an immunity similar to that granted certain industrial establishments in World War II.

It will be said that this is a mad idea, or a farce in bad taste. In fact, an American, Clarence Streit, has been for a long time the most resolute apostle of Atlantic Union, and several dozen United States Senators and Representatives and several hundred other prominent Americans have been working five years for its realization. Whoever rejects the idea of a federal union with the United States is forced to consider alternative projects for the organization of a free and independent Europe.

"Bravo!" cries Mr. Taft, "we won't have to beg for bayonets in France or Germany; let Europe develop its own Monroe Doctrine." Unfortunately, Europe can no longer apply a Monroe Doctrine to Africa or Asia Minor, as the United States has done in South America. Europe cannot even hold out against Soviet aggression and will be unable to do so for a long time. Accordingly, Europe—with England probably excluded—should be neutralized. It should be sufficiently armed not to be a freely offered victim, and sufficiently disarmed to bar offensive action and the sacrifice of social progress and economic stability to military strength. To induce the Russians to accept and even guarantee this neutrality, Moscow should be assured that Europe and its immediate dependencies will not furnish bases or other aid against an aggression thus made inconceivable. At the same time Washington could be assured that the Europeans, firmly on guard against any extension of the cold war, are by no means inclined to move into the opposite camp. A Europe that could show the morale of the Finns and Norwegians, the public spirit of the English, and the defensive power of the Swedes or Swiss would really have nothing to fear from the Russians—especially if Moscow plainly understood that aggression on its part would bring into play the American guaranty and unleash world war.

A neutral Europe strikes many Europeans as a crazier and even more dangerous solution than organic union with the United States. In their view, the aggressiveness and drive for expansion of the Russians are self-evident and the source of all the trouble. But while only a blind or dishonest person can deny that the Soviet Union seizes every opportunity to increase its influence in the world, it must also be stated that Russia did not attack Greece after the failure of General Markos, or Berlin at the time of the air lift, or Yugoslavia after its resounding secession, and has not crossed Iran's open



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frontier. Even in Korea it is quite probable that nothing would have happened if the Americans, two years before war began, had not critically weakened their position by giving free rein to the swaggering Syngman Rhee. Like utter simpletons, Europeans, out of fear of war, appear inclined to dash headlong into war.

While a puerile exchange of notes between East and West continues, a mechanism has been set in motion whose acceleration will not be easy to control. If the West would restore the *status quo ante* in Germany, it might devise a statute of control similar to that imposed on Austria, which would represent very modest but none the less real progress. But could this be achieved without the meeting of the Big Four or Five proposed recently by President Auriol—a meeting that the American elections make very improbable for the next few months? Western middle and upper classes are much more likely to favor the rearmament of Germany today just as they once approved of Munich, and for the same reasons. At that time, so the argument went, it was better to help Germany, even a Nazi Germany, whatever the price asked, since sooner or later Moscow had to be fought. To weaken Germany would strengthen communism. Today, people still labor under the illusion that the rearmament of Germany is the only way to stop Moscow, and anyone who dares to doubt this is pilloried. Let us hope that the same causes do not produce the same effects.

# *Our Three-Penny Opera*

## BY HERBERT GRAF

THE balance sheets of the leading opera companies of America and Europe offer ample proof that "grand opera," if artistically produced, is a money-losing proposition. In Europe yearly government subsidies for the major opera companies in recent seasons have ranged from $350,000 for municipal theaters like that in Zurich, to approximately $500,000 for La Scala in Milan, the Teatro dell'Opera in Rome, and Covent Garden in London, to about $750,000 for the two opera houses in Vienna. The opera in Paris and the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires receive more than $1,000,000 a year from their governments. Even opera houses in smaller European cities enjoy subsidies which arouse the envy of American opera companies. Opera is well anchored in European cultural life and accordingly is guaranteed government support.

In the United States, opera, originally imported and sponsored by wealthy society, has not yet become an organic part of the community, nor has it found an organic form of civic sponsorship. Even the Metropolitan Opera, which has the advantage of national prestige and wider sources of income than any other opera company in this country, rests on an insecure financial foundation. In the foreword to the official Statement of Operations for the 1950-51 season George A. Sloan, chairman of the association's board of directors, expressed the hope that by the repeal of the federal admissions tax, which amounted to around $550,000 in that season, the deficit could be reduced to manageable proportions. His hope was vain, for only six months later General Manager Rudolf Bing stated that for the 1951-52 season a deficit of more than $300,000 must be expected—over and above the amount due to become available after the repeal of the admissions tax. Since the successful 1951 drive for $750,000 rules out further public fund-raising campaigns for some time, the financial situation of the Metropolitan continues to be serious.

The other major opera companies are in varying degree in a similar situation. Their number is pitifully small; only five companies in this country give more than thirty performances a year at their home site—the Metropolitan, the New York City Opera Company, Salmaggi's Opera in New York, the Cincinnati Summer Opera, and the San Francisco Opera (listed in order of the number of performances). And those familiar with their operations know the severe limitations most of them have to apply in order to continue even this modest existence—forgoing new productions, rehearsals, and modern repertoire.

On the other side of the ledger, opera is undoubtedly becoming more popular throughout the country. Proof of this is provided by the record attendance at the Metropolitan (93 per cent during the 1950-51 season), the nation-wide appeal of its Saturday broadcasts (their audience is estimated to be between twelve and fourteen million), the success of other resident and traveling opera companies, and the emergence of civic opera companies. First among these last ranks the New York City Opera, which offers an interesting program with

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many new artists at prices up to $3.60. New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Fort Worth, Boston, and other large cities have similar civic organizations. One characteristic of this development not found in any other country is the emergence of numerous operatic "workshops," generally connected with universities and colleges but using a growing number of professional directors. Examples are the opera departments of Indiana University, the University of Southern California, and Columbia University in New York.

Further proof of opera's growing popularity is found in the trend of Broadway toward opera—witness the success of Menotti's "The Medium" and "The Consul." (Of course the Metropolitan Opera shows a similar trend toward Broadway in employing well-known stage directors like Margaret Webster, Alfred Lunt, and the British director, Tyrone Guthrie.) And finally one notes the success of the opera festivals held at Central City, Colorado, and elsewhere, the rating of the NBC series of televised opera versions, and the wide popular appeal of the operatic excerpts in "The Great Caruso," the full-length film version of "Traviata" ("The Lost One"), and the British-made "Tales of Hoffmann." To sum up, it is undeniable that Mr. and Mrs. America are showing increasing interest in opera.

BUT this new impetus to opera in the United States has not been matched by the growth of production methods and sponsorship. Except for workshops under educational and non-profit auspices, opera has not developed an organic connection with the American community. Some opera lovers dream of government subsidies along European lines; others are resigned to continued shoestring support. Would it not be more logical first to try to anchor opera more solidly in American life and then to seek new, indigenous methods of production and sponsorship?

What would these new methods be? Opera is still living an extravagant and isolated life. It requires a good-sized orchestra, a local stock company of singers, a chorus, and a ballet. It would profit by a wide dissemination through radio and television, greater interest on the part of schools, and association with light opera.

Let us imagine opera as part of a single civic musical project. Let us suppose that men representing the local orchestra, choir, music school, dance groups, light opera, and radio and television companies would unite on a common musical policy of which opera would be one important part. Let us suppose that this group, together with representatives of business, labor, and the enlightened public, would draw up a plan for all-year-round civic musical activity. First on the program would be a six months' symphony season, in which opera would be included, running from the middle of October to the middle of April. In the next two weeks there would be a spring festival presenting all the local musical talent and guest artists. Following a period of preparation in June, a season of light opera and summer concerts would be organized for July and August. Then, after a brief vacation, preparations would start for the new winter season. All this activity would be combined with year-round radio and television programs transmitting opera, ballet, and concerts. Such a project would provide the local orchestra, chorus, ballet, and stock company of singers with all-year employment. Thus the unions involved would be inclined to accept reasonable terms. There might be a tie-up with a local music school and with the educational program of the city, county, and state.

With such a goal, the board of directors of the whole project, representing the various interests involved, would proceed to plan the building of a modern Civic Music Center—or better still, a Civic Center combining the musical, dramatic, and pictorial arts. The center would contain at least one large auditorium for "grand opera," popular attractions, and mass-meetings; a theater for legitimate plays and smaller operas; a lecture and chamber-music hall; rehearsal halls; recording rooms; studios and offices which could be rented; school facilities; and so on. It is not an unreasonable assumption that the city would be willing to furnish the site and also take an active part in raising the funds for the building—we know that the auditorium of the University of Minnesota is used by the Minneapolis Symphony for a token fee and the Civic War Memorial Opera House by the San Francisco Opera Association. The building would ultimately become the property of the city, county, or state. Tax exemption for its non-profit activities could be claimed under the new law, and actual official financial support is conceivable. In return for certain public services such as school performances, this very thing has happened for the San Francisco, Philadelphia, and North Carolina orchestras as well as for the Guild Opera Company in Los Angeles.

Commercial participation of local trade organizations, chambers of commerce, clubs, unions, and radio and television stations—which would profit greatly from the existence of a local musical stock company—would provide additional sources of income. And last but not least, the generosity of American cultural foundations and public-minded individuals could surely be counted on to help. Through such combined efforts opera would become an organic part of the American community and entitled to claim civic support—not in the form of the sumptuous subsidies granted to European opera but in fulfilment of a genuine new sense of the community's responsibility for the cultural property of its citizens.



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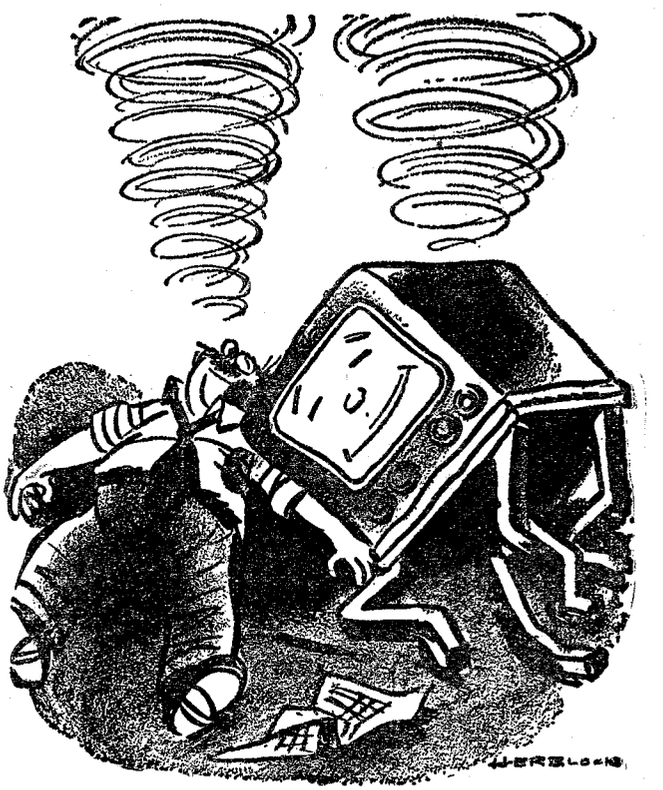
# *Window on the Smoke-filled Room*

BY DOUGLAS FOSTER

I AM far from being an expert on politics. As a veteran, a recent college graduate, and head of a family of five, I am naturally politically conscious in this election year, but I have had no direct contact with political organizations and have only a vague idea of the way political machines are built or how they operate at national nominating conventions. Thus watching the Republican and Democratic conventions on television this year was literally an eye-opener for me. Since I approached the proceedings with no preconceptions of steam rollers or phony drafts, I believe it is significant that what I saw convinced me that Republicans and Democrats alike were simply doing their best to camouflage steam rollers to look like band wagons and phony drafts to look like spontaneous calls to service, all for the benefit of the television audience.

To its credit, the television industry took seriously its responsibility to present to its vast audience not merely the surface trimmings of both conventions—the speeches on the platform, the demonstrations and roll-call votes on the floor—but as much as possible of the important committee activities, the backstage maneuvering, and even the caucuses of the delegations. For me the educational value of such thorough coverage was tremendous. I had known for some time that power politics was the basis of international relations, but I was unaware, before television brought the nominating conventions into my living-room, of the extent to which power politics is also the *modus operandi* of domestic affairs. At the Republican convention, for example, it clearly made no difference what issues were involved in the battle for contested delegations. All the speeches in the Credentials Committee and on the floor of the convention were a complete waste of time, since nobody cared who was legally entitled to sit in the convention. The Eisenhower supporters voted for pro-Eisenhower delegations and the Taft supporters voted for pro-Taft delegations. It was simply a struggle for power between the two factions.

I learned a great deal, too, about parliamentary procedure and its vital importance as an instrument of tactics. I was impressed with the enormous importance of the convention chairman, and particularly with his power to recognize or not recognize would-be speakers, so ruthlessly exercised at crucial moments in the Democratic convention by the thoroughly experienced Sam Rayburn of Texas. I found myself wondering how often



Courtesy Washington *Post*

the Speaker of the House might have killed legislation in Congress by just such nifty gavel work as he displayed in the convention hall.

It took me a long time to figure out in whose interest Rayburn was so ably wielding his gavel. Not until late Friday night, when the Democrats' third ballot got under way, did the parliamentary maneuvering begin to make sense to me. When Averell Harriman threw his support to Governor Stevenson, I caught a glimpse for the first time of one of the strings in this vast marionette show. Then, when the Michigan delegation was being polled, it seemed to me that the puppeteer had appeared among his creatures. Rarely have I sensed the unfolding of a secret plot so plainly as during those minutes of near-silence when the camera silently followed big Jim Farley as he stalked from delegation to delegation, passing "the word." All the meaning of the Democratic convention, and of the Republican as well, was expressed in this dramatic sequence. Suddenly it became quite clear to me that there had never been any possibility of nominating anyone but Stevenson. The convention was a gigantic example of that proverbially American phenomenon, "the fix."

The seeds of disgust implanted in me during the early days of the Republican convention came to sickening

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fruition in that third ballot of the Democrats. I wanted to jump to the rostrum and scream, "Hoax! Hoax! Hoax!" for all the world to hear. I felt robbed of my birthright. But I suppose in reality I was robbed only of my illusions.

YES, watching the conventions on television was an illuminating experience. In my anger at the visible process of fooling the people I almost forgot the ironic fact that the convention nominees were probably the best candidates of each party. I could not forgive America this fatuous exhibition of phoniness. Politics was only play-acting after all, not reality. The climaxes were carefully plotted; the eloquence was thoroughly rehearsed; the dénouement was inevitable from the start.

And yet there were moments when the drama, if not real, was exciting. If the defeat of Robert Taft lacked the qualities of tragedy, there was nevertheless a certain grandeur in his desperate struggle for power, a struggle which had its practical culmination in the rhetorical flights of Senator Dirksen as he defended the pro-Taft delegation from Georgia. With magnificent skill, which even his most violent opponents could not but admire, the Illinois Senator fashioned a giant bubble of apparent truth to which for a few moments the whole convention, perhaps the whole nation, gave hypnotized attention. And then young Senator Eastvold of Washington stepped to the rostrum and calmly punctured the bubble.

Of the set speeches at the Democratic convention the best were those of Alben Barkley and Mrs. Roosevelt. But there were some utterances that affected me more. There were the hoarse desperate shouts for recognition from Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois on Thursday night, when the Kefauver-Harriman coalition was clamoring for adjournment. There was the moment of Rayburn's greatest triumph, when he squelched the coalition's attempt to appeal a point of order and insisted the motion to adjourn could be "laid upon the table." Most spine-chilling of all was Jim Farley's decisive tour of the convention floor which I mentioned above.

Perhaps my reaction to the televised conventions was extreme. The press saw events in Chicago in a different light, particularly the matter of Stevenson's nomination. Even such a pro-Eisenhower newspaper as the New York *Times* insists on the genuineness of the draft-Stevenson movement. But after all the stage-managing and manipulation I witnessed I am not convinced. Nor do I share the general opinion that Stevenson seemed uneasy and unwilling in his acceptance speech. To me his was just the kind of false modesty best calculated to perpetuate the myth of a draft. When the New York *Times* comments that this was "the first true draft of a nominee since the Republicans named James Garfield in 1880," I remember the two weeks of play-acting at Chicago and smile in cynical disbelief.

Perhaps my whole memory of the conventions is colored by pernicious images of bosses garnering votes with gestures of their little fingers. Perhaps the Eisenhower band wagon had other attractions than long-anticipated spoils for power-hungry young Republicans. Perhaps the antics of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. and the Young Turks at the Democratic sessions were more than theatrical posturing. But I shall have to be confronted with a great mass of evidence before I can erase from my mind the doubts about American democracy raised by my participation through television in this year's nominating conventions.

# *Will We Gag Italian Films?*

BY HENRY BRILL

*Rome*

ALTHOUGH the Supreme Court decision in "The Miracle" case was a severe defeat for the forces of censorship in the United States, certain well-organized pressure groups have not abandoned the attempt to impose their own rigid moral codes upon the American public. With the will, the power, and the money, they may be expected to go into action if freedom of ideas raises its head on the screen. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the decision on "The Miracle" will affect Hollywood at all. The American movie industry is controlled entirely by New York financial interests, as was made clear in the final instalment of Lillian Ross's brilliant article in the *New Yorker* about the filming of "The Red Badge of Courage." Hollywood has adopted, therefore, as everyone should know by now, voluntary self-censorship and is resolved to make movies which will offend no single pressure group and will be money-makers if nothing else.

Films produced abroad, however, are in a different category. Distributors with the courage and determination of Joseph Burstyn, who alone fought the pressure groups right to the Supreme Court and defeated them, can continue to import foreign films without fear that

*HENRY BRILL, European correspondent for several American publications, was in Rome recently for talks with Italian film executives.*



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they will be banned on "sacrilegious grounds." With this assurance, the Italian film industry, which produced Rossellini's "The Miracle," is trying to crash the American market in a big way. The results to date have been encouraging. A few weeks ago Leonard Goldenson of United Paramount Theaters, which controls 800-odd theaters in forty states, told representatives of Italian film companies that his firm was interested in handling their product. If other large distributors follow suit, the Italian industry, which produces about 120 films a year, will be able to compete with Hollywood in first-run movie houses all over the country.

The implications are clear: since Italian films with English dialogue dubbed in are more or less free of direct censorship, Italian producers must be induced to impose indirect censorship—that is, adhere to a production code of their own. And that is precisely the goal of a new campaign by the American Catholic Legion of Decency. If the campaign succeeds, it will be impossible for the Italians to keep on making such first-rate but controversial films as "The Bicycle Thief," "Paisan," and "The Miracle."

## Beyond Comment

The House debated an amendment prohibiting the flying of any flag except Old Glory at any United States military installation. It was intended specifically to ban display of the United Nations flag, but when Congressman Rivers of South Carolina asked whether it would not also prohibit the flying of the Confederate flag, the amendment's sponsor admitted it would. The amendment was defeated sixty-four to two.—*From the Philadelphia* Bulletin.

A newly married youth, requesting [draft] reclassification, cited Deuteronomy 24:5, which reads: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at home one year and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken." The board refused to grant the request on the grounds that the Selective Service laws must take precedence.—*From the Los Angeles* Times.

[The Nation *will pay $2 for acceptable contributions to Beyond Comment.*]

TWO American priests arrived in Rome late last month. One was the Very Reverend Monsignor John J. McClafferty, dean of the Catholic University in Washington. Until four years ago Monsignor McClafferty was head of the Legion of Decency, and he is still a dominating influence in it. The present head is his former assistant, Monsignor Patrick J. Masterson. McClafferty stated very clearly in Rome that he was there as a tourist. His companion was Father Joseph Mahoney of Jersey City. The two priests were guided about the city by John Perdicari, Italian correspondent for *Film Daily*, an important American trade paper. Local representatives of the Hollywood film companies seem to stand in considerable awe of Mr. Perdicari.

On July 24 Perdicari, Monsignor McClafferty, and Father Mahoney held a half-hour conference with Eitel Monaco, head of the National Association of Italian Film Producers and of Italian Films Export. At this meeting Monsignor McClafferty proposed to Monaco, who has the backing of the Italian government, that the Italian industry, in order to "avoid past errors," should either have an American "adviser," permanently stationed in Italy, to warn Italian producers against "infringements of the American moral code" or send an Italian to the United States for orientation who on his return would act in such a capacity. Monaco was receptive to the first alternative but told McClafferty that Italian producers and directors, who are unused to controls of any kind, would have to be carefully handled —they would not tolerate any kind of censorship. McClafferty replied that no question of censorship was involved. "We feel," he said, "that by approaching the producer before a film is actually made we can point out to him certain things which are unacceptable to Americans." Perdicari added that such an adviser would of course work hand in hand with Catholic Action. Monaco then said that on this basis something could doubtless be worked out and that the matter would be settled when the Italian film executives went to New York in October for the Italian Film Week scheduled to be held at the Little Carnegie Theater.

The American priests were escorted on a grand tour of Cinecittà, Rome's largest movie studio. They also saw a special preview of Rossellini's latest film, "Europe '51." Perdicari explained to them that "beautiful" as the picture was, several things would have to be changed. "There is a scene," he said, "where a baby is shown naked and that will have to be cut. And the part of the priest will have to be rewritten in order to bring out the strength of the character. In the movie as it is now he has only a few lines and emerges as a weak rather than a forceful character."

It will be interesting to see whether the Italian film industry will meet this challenge or knuckle under like Hollywood. The church knows that the answer to the Supreme Court decision against direct censorship is what might be termed preventive censorship—that is, preventing an objectionable film from being made in the first place. Monsignor McClafferty has said, "We have certain moral codes in America which differ from those of, say, Japan or Italy. These moral codes must be defended and enforced." He evidently is unaware that the views of American Catholics do not necessarily reflect the views of all Americans.



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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

I HAVE just returned from a trip by rail to California and back, and I can report that the country between is still there—a fact which air travelers and certified New Yorkers may easily overlook. I grew up in the wide open spaces, but I haven't crossed the country for a good many years, and even to me its extent and variety had a little ceased to be real. It all came back, however, the minute I left New York, and I found myself thinking that a roomette was a good deal like a sheep camp except that it's smaller, it has no cook-stove, and the view is far more limited. If the comparison seems arbitrary, let me add that I'm perhaps the only "New York intellectual" who at the age of three all but drowned in a sheep-dip hole on the summer range in Wyoming. Or it may have been Idaho.

AT CHICAGO I transferred to a regular Pullman on the California Zephyr, and the view was wider and higher. This is the train which has "vista domes" and is scheduled to catch all the best scenery, meaning mountains, by daylight, speeding over the flat spaces by dark. As I bedded down the first night I felt a little apologetic toward my Mormon great-grandparents who crossed the plains some hundred years ago at somewhat less than ninety miles an hour; the next night, stopping in Salt Lake City only fifteen minutes made me feel more than ever like a renegade. But at least I had a precedent in a grandfather who also passed up Utah and joined the gold rush. He later came back, to be sure, but he was never any better than a Jack Mormon. And then, too, I had a rendezvous with another forbear, my own father, who went overland to California in the late sixties. He also doubled back—the hard way. He drove a mule team, hauling freight, over the Sierras. He probably took the Donner Pass route, and the Zephyr dives through Feather River Canyon, but it was near enough—and no doubt like enough still—to make me see, far down at the bottom of the canyon, an odd conveyance making its way along the river's edge.

I WENT DIRECTLY to Carmel of the fabulous coastline, and I discovered, among other things, that the pioneer spirit is still alive, though its practitioners are usually called bohemians. Artists and kindred souls can no longer afford to live in Carmel and have moved farther into the wilderness, down the coast and up the canyons. (Considering the general disrepute of artists it is amazing with what regularity the bourgeoisie flocks to and takes over, by force of superior means, the sites that artists have spied out in the first place.) I attended a picnic at one of the farthest outposts. There are no modern conveniences (including high rents), but the view is magnificent. We were perched on the very edge of the Pacific, and the next big landfall West was made even more imminent by the presence of a young couple who had recently arrived from Hawaii in a thirty-six-foot boat. After lunch we repaired to a shack furnished with a fine collection of records and a grand piano and enjoyed a concert of Couperin and other long hairs by a composer in residence.

Robinson Jeffers still stands in Carmel proper. So does his tower, commanding the only large and "unimproved" open space in the immediate vicinity. It is pleasant to come upon. On the other hand, since this bit of coast was bound to be built up—and building has mushroomed since the war—one is glad to observe that the houses, mostly flat-roofed and modern, looking smaller than they actually are, overhung with trees and banked with flowers, range from beautiful to inoffensive; that they nestle rather than jut, and like the battened-down Cape Codders at 'Sconset, are more at one than at odds with the sea- and landscape. The only trouble is that there are too many of them.

I GOT A LIFT from Carmel to San Francisco. We had lunch under redwoods in the Big Basin, caromed over a skyline drive past dry gold upland meadows bordered with green trees, paid a call or two at Stanford on its flat sun-drenched plain, and brought up on one of the lesser hills of San Francisco in time for dinner. San Francisco, I was told, has been on a painting spree, the colors are white or pastel, and the city looks as if it had been freshly scrubbed and dressed for a summer party. But what gives it its antic air, of course, is those roller-coaster hills which make you laugh as you gasp. There must be tall tales about them—I could almost swear that I myself saw a car that kept going, by stages one block high, right up and up into the sky. Their summits look more like continental divides than a continental divide ever does—it is usually a plateau. The sight, endlessly repeated, of automobiles poised against the sky one instant and utterly gone the next is somehow very satisfying to the comic sense. And the cable cars, looking like antique toys, provide the final fillip, confirming the visitor's impression that the whole layout is a charming and wonderfully imaginative stage set, of which the lighting is particularly fine. The air conditioning is fine too, though I struck "hot" weather. It was seventy-five, not counting the breeze.

I was quartered in Marin County—on the side of a steep green hill facing Mt. Tamalpais—so we had to cross the Golden Gate Bridge to get to the city. Its color, as everybody knows, is a deep red-orange. The paint, I take it, is the sort that is used to keep metal from rusting. So even the color is functional, but at least to my taste it serves one function that the functionalists sometimes overlook (I'm thinking of some of those chairs). It is handsome, especially when the girders are wreathed with wisps of fog and the sky is blue above.

THE EARTHQUAKES began while I was still near Carmel, and I was in on the first and worst shock unawares. One morning at five the prolonged rattling of a door woke me up. I decided the wind must be blowing pretty hard,



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stuffed a bit of paper where it would do the most good, and went back to bed. At breakfast my host propounded the theory that raccoons had been about. Only later did I discover that I had been dealing with an earthquake. As it happened, that first shock blocked two tunnels on my route to the East and I traveled by bus from Bakersfield to Barstow—which gave me a complete view of the ruined buildings of Tehachapi. We didn't stop, but in passing I saw at least one indication that morale was unimpaired—a hand-lettered sign on a heap of rubble reading, "Vern's Auto Works. Now located at" —I didn't catch the address.

ON THE TRAIN from the Grand Canyon to Santa Fe I fell in with an Englishwoman. She told me she sometimes wrote articles for the South African press, and her remarks and questions made it apparent that she was incubating a piece on the country we were passing through. She said, among other things, that in country like this, in South Africa, one would see zebras and even wildebeests roaming about. I must say it made me look at the terrain with new eyes. A few more such remarks and I pressed upon her a booklet provided by the Santa Fe Railroad containing notes, dull but relevant, on the states and towns along the right of way. She was grateful and became immediately absorbed—while I reflected on the abandon and confidence with which all of us journalists write pieces on the basis of one passage through. I hope the facts in the booklet didn't undermine her impressions—as they have a way of doing. I hope also that it got round to noting that somebody did try introducing camels into the Southwest at one time—that would compensate a little for the lack of zebras and wildebeests. I should like to see her report for the South African papers. I daresay it will be no more superficial than these notes of mine, based on a passage from one high point to another, from the Front Range to the Wasatch to the Sierras—and back again by a different set of divides—which in retrospect turns out to be the track of an animal even more fantastic than the zebra. It's a combination of a kangaroo crossed with a mountain goat and its common name is tourist.

## East of Europe

*CONQUEST BY TERROR.* By Leland Stowe. Random House. $3.50.

*STALIN'S SATELLITES IN EUROPE.* By Ygael Gluckstein. The Beacon Press. $4.50.

THE literature on Eastern Europe is singularly poor. Why that is so I do not know, for more information is available on the "people's democracies" than on any other segment of the Communist world. Yet with few exceptions books on this area are hasty, overemotional, or obviously the product of unimaginative scissors-and-paste labor.

Of this season's crop of books on Eastern Europe perhaps the most noteworthy is Leland Stowe's "Conquest by Terror"—partly because Mr. Stowe is a capable reporter, partly because the book has had an enormous audience through condensation in *Reader's Digest* (under whose auspices it was written). The aim of this volume is to present a life-size portrait of the satellite states. Generally speaking, I think Mr. Stowe achieves his objective, for surely no one who has lived in Eastern Europe can deny the essential correctness of his picture of universal fear; of the ceaseless and exhausting labor speed-up; of the steady decline in living standards, the feverish militarization, and insensate propaganda.

Somehow, however, the portrait does not satisfy me. For one thing, "Conquest by Terror" seeks less to inform than to indict. Mr. Stowe appears to see himself as an apostle, come to warn mankind of the imminent peril. The world, he complains, has been ignoring his warnings. Some twenty years ago, a book he did on the Nazi menace sold but a few hundred copies. More recently, editors have been rejecting chapters of "Conquest by Terror" offered to them as articles. He takes the Western press to task for spotty and incompetent coverage of the satellite world, and suggests fairly openly that his volume is *the* work on the subject.

It is less the tone, however, than Mr. Stowe's research that bothers me. His material is excellent where he dips for it in Communist printed matter. With all its boasts and inventions, the satellite press remains the best guide to what ails the Communist state. But, unfortunately, much of Mr. Stowe's data also comes from what he describes as "hundreds of underground reports." I do not know what Mr. Stowe means by "underground." If it is a man named Istvan in Szeged, writing in pain and anger to his sister in Frankfurt, I am prepared to concede that there is an underground in the Communist countries. But if by "underground" he means organized, coordinated, home-bred groups, working on specific assignments, I think Mr. Stowe has allowed someone to mislead him. In fact, the very thoroughness of the machinery of terror which he describes in such detail should show why no large organized underground can exist in Eastern Europe. All that there can be is a vast pool of unrest—expressed sporadically in industrial sabotage, village opposition, or the murder of Communists, but at the same time shapeless, leaderless, and uncertain of itself.

Mr. Stowe employs his "underground reports" for some elaborate statistics. Thus he says that 350,000 Hungarian factory employees had been inducted nearly two years ago into a workers' militia, to be trained in infantry and guerrilla tactics and the like. I am assured by a Western observer who has just left Hungary after a long stay that this is not so. Unlike Czechoslo-


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vakia, Hungary simply has no Workers' Militia. Apparently Mr. Stowe himself is unsure, for in a table detailing the strength of internal-security forces he places a discreet question mark against the words "Workers' Militia." Further, he puts the strength of the Secret Police at 100,000, which is probably right; but he lists separately another 10,000 men as Frontier Guards. Surely, any underground should know that the Frontier Guards became a branch of the Secret Police early in 1951, and that the initials of the Secret Police have long been changed from AVO to AVH. Mr. Stowe's total for internal-security forces is 115,000. This is a reasonable figure, but how does it jibe with his own estimate of 350,000 Workers' Militia members?

There are other examples which I cannot cite for lack of space. In any case, what I am trying to do here is not to challenge all Mr. Stowe's facts but to indicate doubt, in my own mind, of the "underground" data he employs.

Finally, there is the matter of Mr. Stowe's approach to his problem. I feel that he is trying to reduce to statistical terms conditions which defy the adding machine. It is well, for instance, to report that the Hungarian "Ready for Work and Fight" Federation numbers upward of 400,000. Statistically, this would seem to support Mr. Stowe's warnings of the satellite menace. But having known scores of M. H. K. members, I do not see them as a threat to the West at all. Like the countless thousands of others, of whom Mr. Stowe writes himself, the people I know are fiercely pro-Western and anti-Russian. In any major crisis I would regard them—and most of the people in the mass organizations—as a liability to Moscow, not an asset. Nor do I think that Mr. Stowe's statistics are the most effective way to analyze the atmosphere of terror in the satellite world. Terror there is compounded of little things—of fear of a word unwisely uttered, of appearing lukewarm at a pro-Soviet rally, of being denounced by a co-worker at an office meeting. Fear is a by-product of the "peace campaign" carried out as if it were a savage battle, of the incessant propaganda that generates hysteria unlike any known in the West, of the terrifying reversals of policy, of "Social Controllers" who may be your neighbors detailed to watch your private life. To analyze this state, one has to be a psychologist, not a statistician.

I am not denying merit to Mr. Stowe's book. It deals with most phases of satellite life in a systematic manner. Where it is based on genuine Communist material, it is informative, persuasive, and a bit frightening. But I found his Messianic, five-alarm tone irritating, and many of his "underground" facts unconvincing.

Still, with all these reservations, Mr. Stowe's book is far superior to Mr. Gluckstein's. Mr. Gluckstein indicates he has sought to treat his subject with a scholar's detachment and tools. Yet his picture is hazy, partly because the material is often out of date—the preface itself is dated February, 1951—partly because he lacks self-discipline. This is a diffuse work, in which one stumbles, in amazement, on a two-page passage on the Japanese industrialization of Manchuria, or a two-page discourse on Arab feudalism, or a six-page quote from a U. N. document on the expulsion of Sudeten Germans from Czechoslovakia back in 1945. Overloaded with quotes, the book does include an occasional choice morsel—such as Molotov's comments on the Nazi invasion of Poland—but it is hard work getting to it. The book was printed in England and sets some sort of record for typographical errors. MARK GAYN

## America to the South

*THE STATE OF LATIN AMERICA.* By Germán Arciniegas. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onís. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

THE value of Arciniegas' newest book depends on the man who reads it. For one it is the discovery that South American cities have been growing at a rate which gives them three out of five of the largest cities in the Western Hemisphere. Only New York and Chicago outrank them. For another it is the shock which the Argentine affair carries when set down in all its unsavory detail. For a third it is the author's attempt to present the South American nations not as picturesque survivals of colonial Spain, nor as unruly godsons of Uncle Sam, nor even as neglected good neighbors. These, says the author, are nations which are following their own cloudy stars toward destinies which concern us more than we care to admit, and it is time we kept closer watch on them.

This is not the first book which has been written with that last purpose in mind. The many books about South America which have appeared on lists for the past decade have been full of efforts to make the southern countries come alive in the northern mind, to rescue them from the amiable and anonymous confusion which used to surround the Balkan countries.

Arciniegas has succeeded better than some of his predecessors, perhaps for the reason that he is not a visiting journalist bound to see all, hear all, know all in a six weeks' trip. Scholar and diplomat, he has written books on earlier phases of South American history which should be read by anyone whose attention is caught by the present work. We recommend his book about the Germans in South America, and his "Knight of El Dorado." Both of them illumine his "State of Latin America" and deepen its meaning.

MILDRED ADAMS

## A Private Government

*THE GROUP BASIS OF POLITICS.* By Earl Latham. Cornell University Press. $3.75.

AN UNDERSTANDING of American institutions requires a recognition of the great power that is vested in them. This seemingly self-evident proposition should hardly need repeating except that this simple basic fact is consistently ignored by apologists for "bigness," the latest of whom is David Lilienthal. Corporations and the superstructure of trade associations which they erect are in fact private governments wielding economic and political power and are aptly described with the terms commonly applied to public government. "Collectivism," "bureaucracy," "propaganda agency," "security," are as descriptive of the private economic states which characterize our economy as they are of the formal organizations of government.

In the most valuable chapter in this book Mr. Latham presents a detailed study in political terms of the Cement Institute—"a private government organized to protect an economic security



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system." The institute was a trade association consisting of virtually all manufacturers of cement in the United States and was organized for the primary purpose of eliminating competition in the marketing of cement, a business characterized by one of the trustees of the institute as "an industry above all others that cannot stand free competition, that must systematically restrain competition or be ruined." This it did through a system of pricing based on multiple basing points which provided that every seller of cement would sell to any customer at exactly the same price. It was the function of the Cement Institute to administer this pricing system. It did so by providing freight-rate books which informed all members of the location of the basing points, basing-point prices, and rail-freight rates, enabling the seller to compute easily the price to any given customer.

Another function of the institute was to protect the system from outside attacks by devising and utilizing means of coercion against customers, state and federal government agencies, dealers, and truckers. Attacks from all these sources were effectively fought off. Long-distance trucking of cement was virtually eliminated by the institute, dealers were forced to accept industry restrictions, and all sorts of attempted evasions of institute policies by customers were successfully blocked.

Economic coercion was used to keep members in line, and heavy taxes were levied against any who might resign from the institute. Internal unity was maintained by establishing equality of membership through dividing business and restricting competition, a community of interest in the face of threats to group security, and the development of a group morality based on a "code of ethics" governing the conduct of institute members.

As another part of its security system the Cement Institute "maintained a ministry of information and propaganda, a committee on public relations." Its propaganda was carefully aimed where it would do the most good. Included on its list of twelve groups "to be convinced" were federal and state officials and legislators, writers and editors of newspapers and magazines, county and city officials and engineers, dealers and contractors, and other industries having an interest in the basing-point system, such as the steel industry.

This elaborate security system was dealt a severe blow in April, 1948, when the Supreme Court upheld a Federal Trade Commission order directing the Cement Institute to abandon its basing-point system on the ground that it constituted a conspiracy to eliminate competition. The battle was immediately shifted to Congress, where the steel industry joined the Cement Institute in efforts to secure legislation legalizing the basing-point system. Much of the remainder of the book is devoted to a history of this legislative struggle in the Eighteth and Eighty-first Congresses, which culminated in a veto of the legislation by President Truman in June, 1950. It is significant that one of the leaders of the fight *for* the legislation legalizing the basing-point system was Senator O'Mahoney—the same Senator O'Mahoney who has built a career on his concern over the concentration of economic power in this country. The opposition was led by Senators Douglas,


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Long, and Kefauver. As a case study in the legislative process the book takes its place with the growing material on the subject, although this reviewer wishes that Mr. Latham had been able to include more of the machinations of the steel and cement industries.

The book is badly titled. It is a valuable study of the political life of one group, containing a very good analysis of the Cement Institute as a private government and a useful account of a legislative battle in its behalf in the Congress of the United States. However, when Mr. Latham attempts to generalize he goes little beyond saying that organization is power and there is no power without organization. In fact, little has been added to the theory of the group basis of politics since Arthur F. Bentley's "The Process of Government," first published in 1908.

DONALD H. RIDDLE

# Books in Brief

*ALFRED MAURER.* By Elizabeth McCausland. Published for the Walker Art Center. Wyn. $5. A full-dress study of Alfred Maurer has long been over due, and this book admirably fills the need. Not only was Maurer one of the pioneers of American modern art, but his modern work antedates by some five years the famous Armory Show of 1913, in which he was an active participant. All of this was at the extra price of forsaking established success as a painter in the vein of William M. Chase. Miss McCausland's writing is incisive, her criticism is competent, and her biographical studies are fearless. One of the overshadowing problems in any appraisal of Maurer is the relationship with his father, a successful painter of anecdote. Sixteen days after the father died at the age of 100, Alfred Maurer hanged himself in the family home. The book is fully documented and amply illustrated, except that there is only one color plate.

*FIRE-BIRD.* By Dallas Kenmare. Philosophical Library. $2.75. This study of D. H. Lawrence rests on the premise that more and surer clues to that strange and compelling personality can be found in the poems than in the novels, short stories, or essays. Miss Kenmare pushes rather hard a thesis it would do poets no harm, at times, to forget: that they differ from other specimens of humanity as does the flower from the stone. Sympathetic, reverent, and more than a bit evangelical, this book is a little naive in its tone, at times more concerned with abusing others than with interpreting the greatness and significance of Lawrence. The poems are copiously quoted, but one is not entirely convinced that they represent Lawrence's best writing, whatever they reveal of the profundities of his nature.

# Films

*MANNY FARBER*

IT IS perfectly safe to see "Don't Bother to Knock," which is a little more different from a Marilyn Monroe peepshow (as advertised) and a lot closer to the portrayal of the atmosphere of a second-class New York fleabag than the critics mentioned. Constructed like a stage play, with no more motion than can be found in a hotel restaurant between meals, it concerns a small-town Alice in the Wonderland of the "Franklin Hotel," a place so dull and quiet that it is hardly able to wake itself up to the sordid problems of violence, suicide, and insanity that the girl brings in. She seeps through its revolving doors with a blank, questioning look, and is led out about three hours later wearing the same stare by two cops who handle her like an expensive glass figurine that might disappear into thin air. Her uncle, the elevator jockey, has put her on to a baby-sitting job, unfortunately for the baby—for she takes to the occupation in a way that should scare even tabloid readers. First, she dons her employer's black negligee, jewelry, and perfume; next (no surprise) she invites a lonely pilot in; and then she really goes to work until all her crazy little dreams tumble down around her bobbysocks. For some unfortunate reason this story is split between the baby tender and a stock love affair (the pilot and the Dinah Shoreish canary in the lounge), but it is nevertheless a relief to find a new movie that hasn't been foreshortened, polished, and sensationalized out of all relation to its middle-class scene.

The matter-of-fact treatment (Zanuck must have been looking the other way) makes for an old-fashioned movie with a nearly dormant pace, a greedy curiosity about small hotel matters, and people who fit in with the antiquated cigarette stands and radio outlets in their rooms. They all have a degree of unsophistication that has been missing for some time in American films, the kind of bourgeois sincerity which causes the housewife to look puzzled when Monroe aggressively tells her to have a good time, and which starts Widmark quaking and back-tracking almost before he gets to work as a seducer. Monroe, with her unconcerned dreaminess and ability to make any garment look as if it came from a bargain basement, generally seems to be working upstream as far as life is concerned, being nonplussed about everything except getting her own way and doing what she wants. She can also be shrewdly coy, as when she lures Widmark in from across the way by wigwagging the Venetian blinds and then turns with a cocky expression toward his inevitable phone call. It is the most direct and plaintive job of acting a hot, lost, peace-wrecking female since Keyes in "The Prowler." Widmark has the lesser role (his bosses are trying to bury him in near "B" films), but he stands out as probably the only literate, salty-talking he-man who would play a fast pick-up with some embarrassment, doubt, and compassion.

The director (Roy Baker) keeps everything prosaic, leveling all incidents —including the baby-sitter's steady maltreatment of her ward—and lulls you into always believing the girl is more normal than she is. Baker's passive version of the Graham Greene type of controlled understatement keeps his people, and the audience, captives of hotel machinery, a trick that brings out all the jittery yearning for excitement that lies beneath the lack-luster surface. The film does have a studio-type face or two (Widmark and his girl) and occasionally there is a heavy touch in the middle of its naturalism. The story comes together too neatly at the end for a *Daily Mirror*-type yarn, but compared to "Fourteen Hours," which dealt pretentiously with a suicidal castaway in a New York hotel, it is far from a turkey.

"Glory Alley" is also around but not worth looking into, primarily because



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of a preposterously cluttered script bent on making angels of the shake-down artists, grifters, and crackpots of skid row. It deals mainly with the endless ups and downs in the life of a swaggering fighter (rather well played by Ralph Meeker) who wants to be the biggest man on Bourbon Street, but even the author of "Moll Flanders" couldn't have dreamed up a more involved, melodramatic biography. The whole picture might have come off better if Director Raoul Walsh had tried to counter the plot's sensationalism (the hero runs out on a championship fight because he is afraid to show his stitched skull in public) with a more factual portrait of the street where jazz was born. As it is, he gives you soggy moments, overripened characters, and a swell assortment of such clichés as the nostalgic fighter wandering around the empty fight auditorium and the sawed-off scrounger pounding the change box on a telephone to save a dime (repeated five times for laughs). Then there are ill-advised moments with Louie Armstrong making faces in the style of the 1930's cinema Negro and Jack Teagarden so busy swinging and swaying that you wonder how he is able to blow his trombone. Leslie Caron makes a good-enough cabaret dancer (though she smiles even more than Eisenhower) who forgoes a ballet career to take care of her blind poppa, Kurt Kasznar, who piles up Teutonic dulness until it is knee-deep and sits in his easy-chair throne in the middle of the fight gym. Poppa has a super-hatred for Meeker, but warms up when Meeker hires his childhood friend, now a famous Minneapolis doctor, to save his sight. Gilbert Roland is a likable bar owner, if not a flexible screen player, who is also Meeker's manager, and who tries to take Meeker off the skids by giving him a fighter to manage and a job in his bar. As I was saying, Walsh and his crew should have been paid double time to work on a script as involved as this.

It's not news that newsreels have been going nowhere for years, but they outdid themselves in dulling the impact of the record-breakingest Olympic Games. One of the "musts" of photographing track and field events is to clarify the race if it takes every trick in the camera man's handbook (slow motion, stop camera, more than one camera set-up, etc.). The two-seconds screen time allotted to each event neither showed anything about the individual performers nor gave a sense of the continuity and vastness of the affair, making you wonder why the filmers traveled all the way to Helsinki just for a blitzkrieg coverage. Even Paramount, most dedicated and serious of the newsreel concerns, did a good job of missing the point. The shot of Les Biffle's near-record broad jump, caught head-on from the ground, makes him look as if he were jumping all of six feet. Mathias was shown only in those decathalon events that took place around sunset, so that you got an illuminating glimpse of a lot of stadium shadow; the fantastic 100-meter dash (four runners hitting the tape simultaneously, with the chunky, barreling winner, Remigino, resembling no one else in sprinting history) seemed to have been glimpsed by a chance sparrow; Moore's hurdle journey was photographed from a distance that made it impossible to discern which one was Moore and what kind of hurdles he was taking. Except for some good work in the walkathon—which the newsreelers think is "funny"—sportscasting companies can now go back to filming bangtails and skiers with the happy knowledge that, in comparison, they made Leni Riefenstahl, the Nazi photographer of the Berlin Olympiad, seem like a camera genius.

## Music

*B. H. HAGGIN*

FRANK WALKER, the author of "Hugo Wolf" (Knopf, $6.50), is an English writer I don't remember encountering before, who has produced the most moving book about a composer since Turner's "Berlioz." Written with no heightening literary power like Turner's, presenting fact in exhaustive detail, Mr. Walker's book nevertheless moves us profoundly by what it tells us about Wolf's personality and behavior, his functioning as an artist, his terrible end, and about the devotion and loyalty of some of the people he became involved with. (Moving too, in Mr. Walker's introductory acknowledgments, is what he says about the attitudes and behavior he encountered in Austria during a nine-month stay immediately after the war—"from the sympathy and encouragement of those who became my dearest friends to the disinterested enthusiasm of the library officials who, with open sores on their hands from the cold, searched for and found for me the Wolf manuscripts in the cellars where they had been deposited for safety.")

The contents of the book might be said to be epitomized in three extraordinary photographs. One is of Frau Melanie Köchert, "an extremely handsome woman, with a high clear brow and the most wonderful liquid brown eyes," who looks out at us with the sadness, the compassion, and the quiet strength of the woman whose destiny it was, says Mr. Walker, "to stand beside Wolf for twenty years, to encourage and console him in his struggle for self-expression and for recognition, to rejoice with him in his creative ecstasies, and then to watch him, for five long years, die by inches in a mental home. Throughout his creative life she watched over his material and spiritual welfare with unending benevolence and devotion, and, when the dark hours came, she never left him. Unfalteringly she drank the bitter cup to the dregs and, some time after his death, brought to an end her own life, which had lost all its meaning."

We understand this when we look at the two other photographs. One is of Wolf in 1889, at the age of twenty-nine, at the time of the first great efflorescence of his powers, and at the point when they had in one year pro-


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duced the Mörike, Eichendorff, and Goethe songs; and in the extraordinary eyes which stare out at us from the sensitive face and watchfully cocked head there is the suffering that is written all over the shockingly altered face in the photograph taken six years later. We see in these photographs the man who was driven by inner conflicts to behavior such as he describes in a letter of grief-stricken apology to his beloved brother-in-law Josef Strasser: ". . . Pity me, for now I know with certainty that it is my fate to wound all those who love me and whom I love . . . What would I not give to have done for you that little service, to have acted as godparent to your child! And believe me, at heart I was wholly agreeable, but there whispered in my ear a devil (and I harbor legions in me) that I should not do it, because that would hurt you . . ." And this man the Köcherts and other devoted friends saw too, understood, and continued to love. In addition to which—but I think this counted for less—they recognized, as Mr. Walker says, "that genius is not to be judged by the standards of normality."

In his discussion of Wolf's music Mr. Walker is not only perceptive but surprisingly discriminating and objective: one doesn't expect someone whose feeling about Wolf and his music has led him to devote many years to writing a book about them to hear in the Keller songs "a rather disappointing group of compositions," or to observe that the Brahms setting which Wolf ridiculed "is atrocious, but is Wolf's own setting so very much better?" Nevertheless I would say he doesn't carry his discrimination far enough. In the relation of the music to the poem—among other things the placing of the words for emphasis in the musical progression that illuminates their every subtlety of meaning and emotion—Wolf's song is almost always remarkable. But one has to make the distinction that Shaw made when he observed that Gounod's "Faust" was "a true musical creation, whereas Boito has only adapted the existing resources of orchestration and harmony very ably to his libretto. In short, Gounod has set music to 'Faust' and Boito has set 'Faust' to music." One has to distinguish between the songs of Wolf that state the poems effectively, period, and the ones that in addition are beautiful pieces of music.

Thus, of the four songs that are sung by the baritone Gerard Souzay on a London record, "In der Frühe" develops into one of the most beautiful of the Mörike songs; "Wer tat deinem Füsslein weh?" is an engaging scherzo; "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier?" is one of Wolf's most powerful pieces of declamation; but in "Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst"—which Mr. Walker pronounces lovely without qualification (except to mention Wolf's sacrifice of the natural accentuation of the words of the opening line for the sake of the even musical flow he wants for expressive effect)—the lovely musical phrase that begins each stanza loses itself in a tangle of vocal and instrumental counterpoint that turns and twists with the words but is not attractive as music.

The Wolf songs are on a record with Schumann's "Dichterliebe" cycle. In these songs too the relation of the music to Heine's poems is remarkable (Wolf continued what Schumann began); in addition they move on the highest level of musical creation and constitute one of the great monuments of the literature.

Souzay uses his beautiful voice with superb expressive effect; and Jacqueline Bonneau's playing of the piano parts is very good, except for what strikes my ear as excessively short staccatos in "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet." In his notes on the envelope Martin Cooper speaks of the importance of the piano parts in these songs; but the recording engineer apparently thinks otherwise: at times the piano is outweighed or obscured by the voice. Mr. Cooper also speaks of the important relation of the music to the words; nevertheless London doesn't supply them (and I can't make out many of the words as they are sung). After the rubbish on most record envelopes I appreciate something as good as Mr. Cooper's notes on this one; nevertheless I contend that if it had to be notes *or* texts it should have been texts.

## CONTRIBUTORS

MARK GAYN, author of "Japan Diary," has spent the last five years in Europe.

MILDRED ADAMS has long been a student of Spanish and Hispano-American culture.

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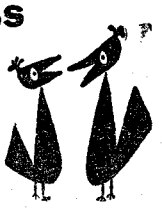

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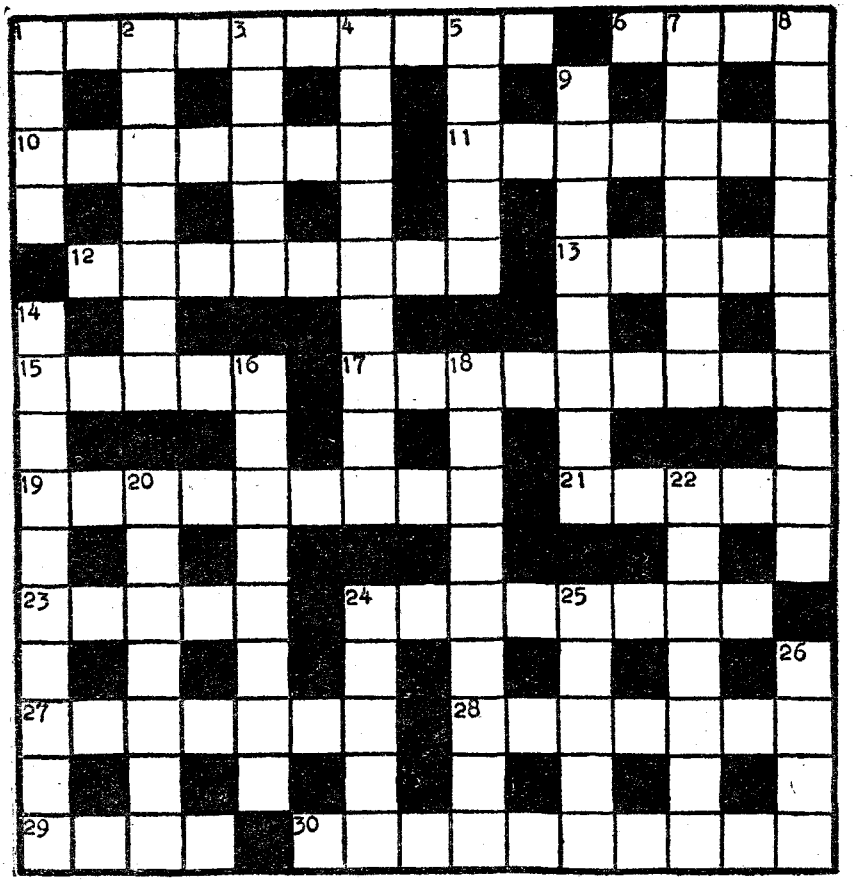
# Crossword Puzzle No. 478

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS

1 Where a good sock might be indicative of a predicament. (3, 2, 1, 4)
6 Proving the picture shows a colossal production? (4)
10 Skelton's McPug always seems to have one, even if he doesn't wear it. (7)
11 See 22 down.
12 Stand and pump a broken set in it. (8)
13 See 22 down.
15 See 22 down.
17 Boys of the air, in the '20's. (9)
19 What Burns' Saturday Night hero got stuck with? (6, 3)
21 Board of progress, to be congenial. (3, 2)
23 The law was changed, and so forth, about 501. (5)
24 Roughly, the best idea should be taken care of immediately. (8)
27 Just the type to cook if you want to get confused. (7)
28 and 16 down. To find out which of the kids will be monitor? (7, 8)
29 Proving the eagle-eyed has a song in his heart. (4)
30 They might tell about places to look at a torn-up street. (10)

## DOWN

1 See 26 down.
2 Proving that men in the wrong are bound to make trouble. (7)
3 The answer is simple. (5)
4 Certainly not a heavy cruiser. (9)
5 If you know of an honest person, she's one in a thousand and fifty! (5)
7 What some do to create a class uprising? (7)
8 Containing this is compromising in the extreme! (10)
9 Being a gay Lothario is not very important. (8)
14 If you eat one, it doesn't necessarily mean you've been trespassing. (7, 3)
16 See 28 across.
18 Long before the forbidden fruit! (9)
20 Hunt this game while young. (7)
22, 15, 11 and 13 across. Pan on the Saloon Deck? (3, 4, 2, 3, 7, 5)
24 Does it make the mouth water? Quite the opposite. (5)
25 Put out 495 less than 23. (5)
26 and 1 down. Looks like an assayer —unattractive! (8)

★

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 477

ACROSS:—1 DISHRAGS; 5 VESSEL; 9 PANDORA; 10 STREAKS; 11 TREETOP; 12 ILL-WILL; 13 MARLINESPIKES; 15 PUTTING GREENS; 21 TRIPPER; 22 MARAUDS; 23 INSULIN; 24 OUTLINE; 25 STYLET; 26 DESCANTS.

DOWN:—1 DEPOTS; 2 SUNBEAM; 3 ROOSTER; 4 GRAPPLING IRON; 6 EARFLAP; 7 SEASICK; 8 LISTLESS; 10 SLIDE TROMBONE; 14 UPSTAIRS; 16 THIRSTY; 17 IMPULSE; 18 ERRATIC; 19 SAURIAN; 20 USHERS.

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